

A Friendly  
**APOLOGY,**

In the behalf of the  
**Womans Excellency :**

Together with some Examples of  
*women-Worthies.*

As also the *Character* of a *Virtuous*  
and *Accomplished Woman :*

Wherein *Ladies of Pleasure* are taxed  
and admonished.

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Written in Verse by J. Golborne, some-  
time Fellow of Trinity Colledge  
near DUBLIN.

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*Si Natura negat, facit admiratio versum  
Qualemcumq; potest. —*

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*M*

**S**

To t  
Of v  
So to



TO THE  
 Most Virtuous  
 AND  
 Pious L A D Y  
 M<sup>rs.</sup> Katharine Booth.

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*Madam,*

**S**ince famed *Lairreates* never durst  
 Adventure on the noblest Themes at first,  
 But were so modest doubtfully to peep  
 Out of their private *Cells*, and then to creep  
 In arguments much lower, till well how  
 To trust their wings they knew, from bough to bough  
 Of various subjects flutter'd, judging best  
 So to attempt that danger might be least,

Till arts had been more lib'ral thought, they might  
 Not safely venture an *Heroick* flight.  
 Pardon this boldness, that presumes to try  
 First hand on piece of *Curiosity* ;  
 Which better would deserve the richest vein  
 Of smooth conceipt, out of the pregnant brain  
 Of one, to whom kind Nature first had been  
 Of much more virtue than the *Hippocrene*.  
 My fancy ( not well vers'd when first put to't )  
 Would not perswaded be to stir a foot  
 On other subjects; yet did freely run,  
 That her due service might in part be done  
 Unto your sex ; and if she limps, the fault  
 She calls her own : *lameness* doth make her halt,  
 You cause her move ; and what is to express  
 Her *gratitude*, will make crime somewhat less.  
 In this Essay, I have sought to no *Fairy*,  
 Call'd Mule, that keeps her wild haunts at *Canary*.  
 Your mind is sober ; nor durst I think fit  
 To offer you poor gathering of wit.  
 You need not such collection, which is more  
 Fit for those persons, that in worth are poor.  
 Grant very small allowance : bate the Verse  
 That waited on your pious Sisters horse :  
 And charge not some choice sentences which you  
 Know well, to whom their service best is due ;  
 And what is sto'n will not amount to be  
 Fit to be charg'd with *Pettit-larceny*.  
 Should I call women *Deities*, you'd be  
 Displeased ( Madam ) with the blasphemy :  
 Or phrase them nobler creatures than men are ,  
 You likewise might condemn the flatterer.  
 Should I pass bounding Lasses and the Jigs  
 Uncivil, of the City-whirligigs ;  
 Their pride, their luxury, their antick dresses,  
 Their bare necks, painted faces, and their tresses,

Whereby



Whereby they would ensnare their wanton tongues  
 In lovesome Catches and lascivious Songs ;  
 Their going unto *Church*, bringing no more  
 From thence, than what new dresses Gallants wore ;  
 Frequenting Playes, lest therein they should do  
 Too little, there becoming *Actors* too.  
 I should unworthily at least suggest  
 That you so little baseness do detest  
 Of shameless *Hippia's*, as not to admit  
 They should be lash'd by Scorpions of wit.  
 Whereas I know you loath that hateful *Crew*  
 That brag of breeding, brave, and fruitful too,  
 Use broad words, and large liberties as feat  
 Of gallantry, the way to become great-  
 Belly'd, that they may bear their shameful sin,  
 And suffer plague of birth and lying in.  
 Should I forget my *Gossip*, that can tell  
 How to turn over tongue a spic'd-cup well,  
 With whose loud rattle those folks are  
 Troubled, that deal not in such peddling ware ;  
 But mind their own concerns, and do not pry  
 Into concerns of the next family :  
 Should I pass her, whose spongy lungs, as say's  
 Are swoln, but not when dry, with telling tales  
 Of private merriments, scarce *Civil* jars  
*Familiar* talk, and of *Domestick* wars ;  
 Where will be next, and where was the last wedding ;  
 And all the pretty passages at bedding ;  
 How *Madam Hasty* gave to little *Grace*  
 Her chamber-maid, a blew and broken face,  
 Because she came not at first call ; how ill  
 Her Master took it, that shew'd his good will ;  
 How *Nell* came to mischance by *Knavery*  
 Of *will* ; how *Joan* bear silly *Ralph*, and why :  
 Not to chastise such gross defectives must  
 Shew me more *Civil* to the Sex, than Just

Unto the virtuous, who bear others shame,  
 Blushing at boldness of the wan on *Dame*,  
 And their impertinence vain, that are grown  
 Knowing in all concerns, but their own.  
 To set off virtues of your sex, a whole  
*Venus* if painted, will but make a mole.  
*Apelles* when he drew his master-piece,  
 And summon'd in the *Paragons* of *Greece*  
 For beauty, as their excellence did vary.  
 Unto his pencil to be tributary,  
*Venus* her mole forgate not; but did place,  
 And make, her comely with it in her face,  
 Praise of a sex, without exception, may  
 Fit only people of *Utopia*;  
 Cannot sincerely be adapted to  
 The state of sinful mortals here below,  
 Where those few persons do appear most rare  
 And excellent, in whom least vices are.  
 They cannot be from *Adam* of th' whole b'ood;  
 That are without all humane faileurs good.  
 Let idle brains make silly sport to vex,  
 And force their fancies to disgrace your sex  
 With all the virtuous; vainly they do try  
 To level at the Stars which are too high.  
 This most will fret them, and stir up their gall,  
 That they provoke, and move you not at all:  
 When unconcern'd you gain the victory,  
 And overcome them by your passing by.  
 The *Rustick* that all day hath toy'd at plough,  
 Puts off his clogs at night, begins to woo  
 At a strange rate; in Complementing *Amy*  
 He takes up phrase besitting *Academy*.  
 Not single flow'rs of *Tropes* will do, but c'uster'd,  
 That with conceit do make him foully fluster'd,  
 And strangely elevated: he scorneth now  
 To term her *Pigsnay*, darling, *Ladycow*.

His heighten'd fancy longer will not trundle;  
 In pleasing her his *Primrose*, *Honeysuckle*.  
 The Gardens fair sweet: serve him not in prose;  
*Tulip*, *Clovegilliflower*, *Lilly*, *Rose*.  
 Out of the Sun, Stars, and the brightest *Rosie*  
 Blushes of morn he gathers her a *Po'sie*.  
 And if he gets some little Scribe to write;  
 He makes small matter, matter to endite.  
 Hearing of *Po'sie*, she thinks to disclose  
 Meaning, by holding letter to her Nose;  
 Or sticking it in bolome, knows not well,  
 That paper flow'rs are for the sight, not smell.  
 The frantick gallant eyes his *Ladies* look,  
 More than young *Chanter* doth his *Singing-book*:  
*Dancing* attendance most officiously  
 After the lessons of her sidling eye:  
 Like Statue stands in admiration of  
 Each syllable, st p, frown, smile, glance, and coiff.  
 The sacred *Laurell* he will need: invoke,  
 That never learnt so far as *Holioke*;  
 To celebrate grace that was never in her,  
 And yet condemn himself a mortal sinner  
 For his *Omission*: but that is not it  
 Makes him so bad: but what he could commit.  
 How like a Malefactor doth he stand,  
 Expecting sentence? What is her command?  
 Shall he or live or dye? Upon one breath  
 Depends his happy life, or woful death.  
 Great *Empress* she, that with a pleasant *I*?  
 Can make him live; and with a *No* to dye;  
 Though much dejected, and cast down erewhile,  
 Yet she can set him up with a kind smile.  
 When his brains thin'd are almost into ayre  
 Turned by Sun-beams of her face, he'll swear:  
 He plainly sees the tipp'ing *Graces* sip  
*Nectar* distilling from her ruby-lip:

Though dazz'ed, *Angels* yet that he espies  
 Sporting within those *Crystal Spheres* her eyes.  
 There's no such *Musick* in the heavenly *Spheres*  
 As in her voyce, which alwayes charms his ears.  
 She's in each sound, he hears no ring of bells,  
 But what of her some pretty story tells.  
 The little chirping songsters in his thought  
 Speak her so plain, as if they had been taught  
 To sing their *Sapphicks*; and her praise in Rhyme  
 His head well stufft with fumes doth learn to chyme;  
 All this is nought, he is below his Theme  
 Unless he be right *Artist* to blaspheme.  
 What is his heaven here on earth? her love;  
 And there's no heaven that he seeks above.  
 Were not his admiration without  
 True object, you would think him *Saint* devout.  
 He cringes, and with superstitious fear  
 Standeth, as her *Divinity* draws near.  
 Good cause, if you believe his precious stories  
 Of the strange *brightness*, and *celestial* glories  
 He sees incircling her, these witness'd by  
 Those that are sick of his love lunacy.  
 The man thus *Placet-stricken*, gives full rein  
 Unto his fancy, th' utmost he can feign  
 Of Complements bestows, runs on the score,  
 Until his Worship can take up no more.  
 If she contract her countenance, and frown  
 Upon him, that is death, he's tumbled down  
 From all his hopes, and happiness, which now  
 He did enjoy in smoothness of her brow.  
 How wretched is the man, since fallen from grace;  
 And excommunicated from her face?  
 He hates the light, his life, you cannot give  
 Greater affront, than wishing him to live.  
 What can you love him, and be so unkind  
 To wish him bear such torments in his mind,

As while he lives he must? Then snatches sword  
 Kisses it as dear friend, that will afford  
*Deliverance* : but stay, before good night  
 Pray give him leave to take up Pen and write  
 Some doleful Verses of his faithful love  
 In his brave death for *Phillis*, which may move  
 Her to relent, and to vouchsafe a tear,  
 Or shew her more unkind than Marbles are.  
 He orders *Ceremonies* to attend,  
 And lively to set out a Lovers end  
 In his last Will and Testament; forgets  
 His soul to God to bequeath. And what lets?  
 She was his only *Deity*, alone  
 To her he payed his *Devotion*.  
 What hence will follow, reason must not tell,  
 His madness doth suppose a milder hell  
 Than her displeasure : this this makes him snatch  
 His sword again, resolved to dispatch  
 Himself : but that he wisely thinks withal  
 He shall not have a *Christian* burial  
 As *felo de se*, and he scorns to be  
 Guilty of any act of *Felony*.  
 Is he content to live? sye on't : he'l go  
 Unto some foreign broyls, and force his fo  
 To do, what friends would not, though beg'd, and ten  
 To one time, wars do make him wise again.  
 But if quite desperate he seeks relief,  
 And with his Rapier makes a vent for grief  
 What hazard runs he? leaving friends this sad  
 Ground for their charity that he was mad.  
*Phrenetick* passions of such men may serve  
 Those that do not know what it's to deserve  
 Sober affections, would not well resent  
 Any thing, that were truly excellent.  
 Let the enamoured dress painted *Jays*,  
 Address them to the Idol of their praise.

Here the design is honest, to give due  
 Honour to Ladies, that be such as you  
 Are, and would be; not living just by sense  
 Of some folk's good esteem; but *Conscience*.  
 Not pleasing hum'ur of that sort who have  
 Great fear lest that they should be thought too grave.  
 Discretion you make not to withstand  
 Civility, but give it more command;  
 Obligingly that it may entertain  
 The civil person, and tongue-tie the vain.  
 Such was deportment of the *English Dame*  
 Of old, which gave a lustre to her name  
 Over the world: but with disdainful brow  
 Is look'd upon as out of fashion now.  
 Amongst vain Gallants strait lac'd modesty  
 Is ill bred, rustick; too precise, too shy.  
 Amongst parts of *Philosophy* we range  
*Ethicks*, and with the rest they bear a change:  
 As some young *Empiricks* their skill must try  
 Body to purge of *Physiologie*,  
 Which they say *Physick* wants, and principles  
 Her bodies head, are head of her disease.  
 Though purged sound y, her they think not sound  
 Enough, until with her the world turn round.  
 It may be visit Mistress *Dialectick*,  
 Tell her pulse, find her in a fearful *Hectick*:  
 Her *Terms* are naught; her *Syllogisms* all  
 Obust her, they must out both great, and small.  
*Sorites* fears he shall be laid in chains;  
*Ad Violentam* looks for horrid pains:  
*Exemplum* to be made example: scorns  
 Cause poor *Dilemma* to pull in her horns.  
*Celarent* wishes she were safely hid.  
*Festino* runs in danger to be chid.  
 And *Barbara* the best of all abus'd,  
 Fears to *Bocardo* she shall be reduc'd.

But *Furio* will not be baffled so,  
 If he must out, he'll leave a parting blow.  
 Thus *Physicking* of her, they find no season  
 To end, until they leave her void of reason.  
 So have some wantons quite rejected old  
*Moral Philosophy*, as dry, and cold :  
 Question'd all principles, and practice too  
 Of ancient virtue, and set up a new  
 Model of modesty, which you presents  
 With much more strange, than safe experiments.  
 They say, a place that's fortified doth seek  
 The outward strength, but City to be weak.  
 That City's strong, that hath not its defence  
 From walls; but va'our of the *Citizens*.  
 Strength of their virtues only way to try,  
 Is to expose it to the enemy.  
 If you'll believe, their honour by the tryal  
 Is brighter; for they tempt to make denial.  
 Their husbands living they contr. & call  
 It innocence; may pass the *Ordeal*,  
 Run through hot counters blindfold, safe and sound;  
 And yet not fear the danger of a wound.  
 These can mistake their husbands beds, and be  
 Not to be charged with disloyalty.  
 Such resolution, that can make defence  
 At disadvantage, is the quintessence  
 Of virtue: if you can, you may believe  
 ( Like *Tutia's* on tryal ) in a sieve,  
 That they can water carry, lead and bring.  
 A ship besandled by their ap-on-string,  
 As *Claudia*, have heaven standing by  
 An' witnessing unto their chastity.  
 They must give leave to folk to be more wise,  
 To judge by charity of sober size,  
 And then their virtue in *Heroick* sense  
*Elxar* is of highest impudence.

Your

Your virtue ( Madam ) taketh it all one  
 To forfeit, and to give occasion  
 To folly ; and for med<sup>c</sup>ine doth not lye  
 At the *Bethesda* of worlds charity.  
 A most heroick, and approv'd repute,  
 Neither makes way for baseness, or dispute.  
 The *Libertine*, before that knew no Law  
 To curb him, must confess your power to awe  
 Into Civility feign'd ; what he hates,  
 Charm'd by your presence, yet he personates.  
 Asham'd you are not piety to own  
 Amongst so many, when a scorn it's grown :  
 And for *Religion* publickly appear,  
 To practise which, in private some do fear.  
 May I presume, here to present to view  
 Beauties, such as *Apelles* never drew :  
 May I adventure to defend their Rights  
 Of old, that try'd the *Chivalry* of Knights,  
 To plead their cause, since they are made unfit  
 For want of Learning, not for want of Wit.  
 May this my Pencil venture on a face,  
 Where ev'ry taking feature is a Grace.  
 May this not seem in vain, which seldom done,  
 Yet is the duty of each Mothers son.  
 May these few Rhymes ( Madam ) accepted be,  
 And gain your Licence, but to publish me,

Your humble Ser-  
 vant,

JOHN GOLBORNE.





# THE W O M A N S EXCELLENCE.

**W**Hen man against unclean concu-  
piscence  
Had a pure mind an *adamantine*  
fence,  
And heart more cleanly, than  
which doth possess

The breast of most *Religious* Votarefs,  
Without so much as thought of vain desire;  
And spark of that base *culinary* fire :  
Alone, it was not good that he should be  
Without a woman, and good company.  
When *Sophy*, *Priester*, and *Imperial*  
*Highness*, with *Monarch Oecumenical*,  
Were summed up in *Adam*; yet a she  
Is made to peer him in his dignity.  
The glorious Angels, those bright morning stars  
Too high were, to be his *familiars*.  
The plants, and sensitives were not thought meet  
For him, as being set below his feet.  
But *Eve* created is, and made his Bride,  
First taken out of, then unto his side,

To be one with himself, that he may see  
 In her a rational *Imagery*.  
 Pictures are dark resemblances, they can  
 Give outward form, and figure of the man.  
 Glasses afford obicurely (save the shape  
 Of man) scarce any thing but *Antick Ape*.  
 She is the lovely glass, where he may find  
 The lively picture of his noble mind.  
 Likeness of outward frame, and inward too  
 Creates affection, makes the wise man woo.  
 Not without likeness of the same soul can  
 The outward feature make *help meet for man*.  
 Who can then think, that any man should be  
 Belov'd with a piece of *Masonry*,  
 Or marble? that *Lot's Wife* petrify'd,  
 Should chance to have been courted for a Bride?  
 That man so monstrously should play the *Ape*,  
 Upon a cloud, as to commit a *Rape*?  
 Yet is it certain, flesh, blood, shape affects  
 The most, much more than reason of the sex.  
 Men gaze at colours, and neglect the coal  
 From heaven that is sent, a prudent soul  
 That suffers not by time; but pure doth last,  
 When feature and complexion are defac'd.  
 He sheweth not least part of man, to whom  
 A marble *Madam* is companion.  
 And with incestuous *Pygmalion*  
 Carveth the Statue that he dotes upon.  
 Though what her husband did command to be  
 Done, or undone, he found her alwayes free:  
 And silent she could bear, what heart of stone  
 Would move, to be call'd *Slut*, *soul Carrion*;  
 Though this rare property were in his Bride,  
 In all her time she ne'er was heard to chide;  
 Nor with some costly Dames was at vast charge;  
 That she might follow each new Mode at large;

Nor with new fash'ons keep an equal pace ;  
 Nor had brave *Flanders* prancing on her face ;  
 For back or belly though she rais'd no score,  
 And like good huswife, ne're stir'd our of door :  
 Yet since she wanted reason, sense, and life,  
 She could not make a comfortable Wife.  
 That Gallant is not half so wise as nice,  
 That is afraid of wisdom in his choice.  
 Is she a wise woman ? That makes him start,  
 As if she were a *Mistress* of *Black Art*.  
 He fears she will be proud, and learn the foul  
 Practice of some Wives, Husbands to controul  
 With sweet advice, which makes the Bedlam roar,  
 Fret, fume, swear, ban, and so much rage the more.  
 For to his great disparagement he'll be  
 Not without cause esteem'd more wise, than he.  
 Give him a Wench that knows no more than how  
 Her cloaths to put on, when he speaks to bow  
 With reverence ; and not without a Sir  
 Before his Worship suffers tongue to stir ;  
 And as well disciplin'd doth understand  
 How to obey what he's pleas'd to command ;  
 That's troubled with the sotts, and while he tircs  
 His wiser hearers, stare, gapes, and admires  
 At every sentence ; this, this is a Lass,  
 That for a most obedient Wife may pass :  
 She stirs not, though he have her not in firing :  
 At a proud word hath learnt to fetch and bring :  
 A creature tame ; and therefore thought more meet ;  
 Because she lyeth couchant at his feet.  
 Who, though all manhood he hath quite withdrawn,  
 And spiteth in her face, begins to fawn,  
 They that say women have no humane souls  
 If true ; they are not men, but may be foals  
 Of some wild Ass, and should they be ally'd  
 As husbands, they would be quite brutifi'd.

And more like beasts than *Centaurs* were, and then  
 They might beget a monstrous race of men,  
 Much worse, than where the pye-bald issues fight  
 Presents with *Negro's* black, *Europa's* white.  
 These from themselves do only differ in  
 The outward colour, in a spotted skin.  
 But they are *preternaturals*, at best  
 A sort of *Mongrels* strange, half man, half beast.  
 They may deny them souls, and judgement too,  
 If that they think those men are fit to woo,  
 And make their applications with success  
 In complements, and humours that profess  
 By all their carriage in their lovesome fits  
 That they are mad, and quite beside their wits.  
 Else certainly they could not be so base  
 In face so foully virtues to misplace,  
 Where beauty playster'd wantons to invite,  
 Is but a *Pie*, and odious hypocrite.  
 She's odly self-conceited, that thinks praise  
 He throws at randome on her, what he braves,  
 Rather than speaks of virtue, to be due;  
 Or ( if perchance it should ) that he speaks true;  
 That keeps no measure in his passions heat,  
 Nor aims to speak what's suitable, but great,  
 Nothing doth limit whose invention vain;  
 But that he cannot reach an higher strain.  
 She that hath real worth, and sober thought  
 Of it, must needs disdain the fancie brought,  
 Upon pretence ( forsooth ) to make her more  
 Admired; some think upon another score.  
 Whereas blew envy cou'd not have spit forth  
 Venome that's more malignant to her worth.  
 Enough amongst most to have this effect  
 To make them real goodness to suspect.  
*As drones do very much i' fust the hive,*  
*Eat what by labour of the Bees would thrive.*

So, though these *Humble-bees* devour, and bring  
 Nothing; yet what is strange, they have their sting.  
 What thinks, the wild phantastick ornament  
 Of virtue, needs a flatterer to invent?  
 Cannot she be with virtues fully stor'd,  
 Unless made object fit to be ador'd?  
 True honour strictly looks for this its due,  
 That all its praises (if not great) be true.  
 Is not beholding as a *Popish Saint*  
 For glories, not to vertue, but the paint.  
 Would he be credited? that cannot be,  
 Unless she forfeit all sobriety.  
 If not, he doth his folly but proclaim,  
 And maketh it not hard to know his Name.  
 Alas, (good Madam) be not too severe,  
 To call him knave, or fool, and domineer  
 Over his weakness; for desire to have  
 Your love, doth make him in such fashions rave  
 From the first sight of you, some influence  
 Hath quite bereft him of all sober sense.  
 Do you not see in yonder secret grove,  
 Him Courting the *Idea* of his Love?  
 How one while he creeps poorly, proud'y stalks  
 As *antick straight*, stands silent now, then talks  
 Unto himse'f in a low voice: see how  
 He doth his honour in a Civil bow,  
 Since he hath mist it in some point, he'll try  
 Do it with much more curiosity,  
 To please himself and *fancy*: then accosts  
 The shrub, where he can find no painted post,  
 And to it speaks words in an humble mutter,  
*More sweet than honey, and more soft than butter.*  
 What is it thus transports, dejects him too?  
 Its fancy (Madam) which is type of you.  
 He cons how Civilly he may address  
 Into your presence, and with life express

The passions of a lover, what will be  
 Your answer ? How to make a safe reply,  
 And those odd postures which you so admire,  
 Are but the strange fruit of that frantick fire  
 You kind'ed in him : for you speak no word  
 But what he treasures up, and doth afford  
 Matter of thousand thoughts : with what a Grace  
 You did oblige ; What Majesty took place  
 In your commands ; how with your looks you read  
 Lectures at once, to make him hope and dread ;  
 How sweet was such a smile corrected by  
 Too harsh a Mistress your severity ;  
 How killing were your frowns : and thus in pain  
 He's toss'd with thoughts of favour, and disdain.  
 He clasps the air contain'd you : not to look  
 On your track serveth him, unless he snook  
 On saucy servant, when you do bestow  
 Flap on the lips for talk, to make her know  
 Her distance ; wonders that she takes it ill,  
 To be so dealt with : if she had his skill  
 She would deserve more ; he doth understand  
 It no unpleasant kissing of your hand  
 Would you not ( Madam ) bring him to despair ?  
 Then you must be more kind, or else less fair.  
 Let pity move, where love will not, t' impart  
 A smile, or sorrow soon will break his heart.  
 And can you think your triumph glorious,  
 If you destroy a Vassal-lover thus ?  
 How cruel, and hard-hearted need must you  
 Appear to all the world, if it be true,  
 That you wou'd not be at small cost, and pains  
 Of one good word, to keep him out of chains,  
 And Bedlam ? for some hink could he obtain,  
 No doubt he would be his own man again.  
 You may command his reason ; for he's bent  
 Not to be cur'd, unless you do consent.

Your harmony will set him right, they say  
 Thus of the man stung by *Tarantula*,  
 That would to death dance, were he not cur'd by  
 The vertue of harmonious melody.  
 If you resolve to be wise, and to laugh  
 At all his follies, are not catch'd with chaff  
 Of vain pretences ; if you think it true,  
 When cur'd, he will revenge himself on you  
 For all his folly past, and will not pause  
 Upon his bondage base, but hate the cause.  
 Yet let me beg one kindness, to advise  
 The Gentleman, to let you be more wise :  
 If he will not himself, then think it fit  
 To entertain that love, which spoils his wit :  
 And to condemn the incivility  
 That wishes you may be as mad as he.  
 The horrid Courtships that did pass between  
*Nero*, and *Sporus* his he-concubine.  
 The *Trumpetter*, and *Gracchus* as they break  
 Natures chaste tye, so they forbid to speak  
 Their shame ; for nothing can be worse than thus,  
 Unless the wedding of an *Incubus*.  
 He truly doth deserve the term of wise,  
 Whom no perfections outward do surprize,  
 To make him forfeit ; since they may adorn  
 A shameless *Messaline*, and be a scora  
 To time, like flower fading, which doth last  
 Small time, and at its prime is almost past  
 Its glory ; yet when wither'd quite, and gone,  
 Gives hope of budding resurrection.  
 But *Beauty* is a superficial thing,  
 That, when by age decayed, knows no spring.  
 What folly many men so far bewitches,  
 To make them fondly Court an heap of riches ;  
 And vainly wish, that they were bless'd with such  
 A faculty as *Midas* in his touch ?

And then be sure, they soon would change the mold  
 Of their dear Dames, and turn them into Gold,  
 That those whom they look'd not upon to prize,  
 But with disgust, might be lust of their eyes.  
 How do they Court you Ladies? Is your faith  
 So easie to what th's, or that man faith?  
 Can you believe, what their pretences vain  
 Make shew of? when they truly do but feign  
 Love to your persons fair, and virtues: *Money!*  
 O that that is their Dear; and that's the honey  
 That may be help meet for them if they speed.  
 That's double help, which is an help at need.  
 And their estates in deep consumption call  
 For present help, and the best cordial  
*Aurum Potabile* is, all agree,  
 For weak estates not past recovery.  
 Your Lands their *Chymistry* can soon dissolve  
 Into some ready *Cash*; or else involve  
 In deep incumbrances with your consent:  
 Nor will their servile kindness quite be spent,  
 Till all is gone; and then, however large  
 Your portions were, you will be thought a charge.  
 He that with vile submission did approach  
 As humble Orator erewhile, did crouch  
 And bend like any *willow*, will revoke  
 His kindness, and be stiff, as any *Oak*,  
 To your requests, when he hath in his hands  
 Your *thousand pounds* of portion, or your Lands.  
 Now you are costly, now the man begins  
 To grudge you money, but to buy you pins.  
 And if more kind, yet what he doth, must be  
 Reputed as an act of Charity.  
 So by your soft belief, you'll soon be grown  
 At his command, and beggars of your own.  
 With silly easiness thus you contrive  
 To give the loaf, and after beg the shive.



Yet him, if covetous, you shall not stir,  
 Although you come with *I beseech you Sir*.  
 It may be, what less tolerable is  
 He can the charge bear of a costly Miss.  
 Nor is it rare to find these two agree,  
 One paltry hard, and prodigally free.  
 There are accomplishments of higher kind  
 Such as do give a lustre to the mind,  
 Are not less pretious, though they latent are,  
 Contribute much to make the person rare.  
 A quiet frame of temper, and a meek  
 Demeanour, which occasions still doth seek  
 To please, and keep all calm; and modesty  
 Not too adventurous, nor weakly shy,  
 More than meer bashfulness, that blossoms cast,  
 If once saluted by unwholsome blast.  
 An holy temperance, which taketh place  
 Of Nature in its strength, and is a Grace  
 A prudent soul to comfort, counsel, prove  
 Reproof may be an argument of love :  
 Where through a waspish, and weak rage are bred  
 No words so hard to break her husbands head,  
 But soft as oyle; and if the oyle be warm,  
 It may do much good; but if scalding, harm.  
 And her discretion understands the art  
 To dress the wound, and yet prevent the smart.  
*Romes* triple-headed *Cerberus*, so fell  
 Against a marry'd life doth loudly yell,  
 With resolution never to dispense  
 With state so well besitting innocence,  
 In any of his Clergy : yet these Masters,  
 Or Fathers rather, are but *Demicasters*  
 Of Chastity : but read you some Popes lives;  
 You'll find it safer to keep Whores, than Wives.  
 This chaste Divinity ( long since foretold  
 The Devils Doctrine ) is not grown so old,

But

But it can yield a Nephew now, and then  
 The bastards of the *Romish Arch-flamen*.  
 It is mysterious that one should be  
 His Holiness, and yet want honesty.  
*Pope Joan* is wonder stranger than the other;  
 An Holy Father, and dishonest Mother.  
 Thus *Cretan Town-Bull* in the Fable odd  
 Pore *Bacchus* in his thigh, was feign'd a god.  
*Ten Dove* the traveller will tell you news.  
 What's that? At *Rome* the *Pope* admits of Stews;  
 Some hundreds of foul Bawdy-houses. How?  
 Such places can his Sanctity allow?  
 What else, when they their annual rents disburse;  
 And only do their penance to his purse?  
 The man of Miracles beyond his strain  
 Of skill must stretch, to make this honest gain.  
 Are women by his Highness here below,  
 Taken to be no higher than his *Toe*?  
 Great *Toe* indeed! Would it disgrace his pride  
 If women were advanced to his side  
 In Matrimony? without charge of *Trope*  
*Adam* we call much greater than the *Pope*;  
 Whose *Holiness* with baseness tax't hath been,  
 And to be perfect is not such a sin.  
 What though he pleads *Infallibility*,  
 That when set in the Chair he cannot lye?  
 He lyes in that, or else pretence must go  
 For quibble good *sensu Composito*.  
 So Merchant brought to very hard condition,  
 Payes off his debts by broken Composition.  
 We say for *Adam* thus with reason good,  
 That then he could not fall, just when he stood.  
 By the *Popes Holiness* we safely mean  
 With mental reservation what is clean (contrary.)  
 I would not have *Eve* plead her nobler birth,  
 Sith she was made of man, and man of earth.

Nor ( as from bodies Politick is bred )  
 Argue that she sprang from him as an heal ;  
 That she may rule, a stranger Title bring,  
 His Mother was a Subject, hers a King ;  
 Nor have her daughters to press instance, since  
*Xerxes* of old that was the *Persian Prince*,  
 Because his Brother to a private man  
 Was born, he to the same as Sovereign.  
 Nor would I have them due subjection call  
 Forbidden bowing of the knee to *Baal* :  
 Since that in Paradise the social state  
 Did stand with reason of subordinate.  
 There's no pretence to say, that God did give  
 To male, and female, power alternative.  
 Profane'y think not, that to work his bane,  
 God did create the woman for the man :  
 That the wise, just, good, Orderer of all  
 Made her an help meer, but to cause his fall :  
 That man himself had never fall'n so low  
 Without her, since the Word tells us no so.  
 Contemn her not, that was since man, but rather  
 Consider, who was Mother to the Father  
 Eternal : she was from the man her Brother,  
 Of the same Father, grant that he, as Mother,  
 Had such a Daughter, what else do we find  
 But him to bear the praise of womankind ?  
 Blush then to urge that pitiful pretence,  
 A crooked, cross-grain'd piece of innocence.  
 Since she was ta'en out of his side, that he  
 Hath been stitch't by an irksome *Plowisse*.  
 By such little conceits play not with wit,  
 Lest that it chance thereby thou forfeit it,  
 And fall to cry out with a *Gorham*-brother,  
*That thou art troubled with fits of the Mother.*  
 Why may it not be likely ? to say true,  
*Thy wit is ill of the Green sickness too.*

Her, whom thou ought'st to pity, cease to call  
*Dam* of damnation in the dreadful fall,  
 The *wot* of *man*, the ever cursed *Eve*  
 To all the black dayes of our saddest grief.  
 'Tis true, she did procure the fall of men:  
 The womans seed doth raise us up agen.  
 Some are elaborate, and mighty pains  
 Take needlessly, to shew that they want brains.  
 This is the most they bring from learned Schools:  
 With reason they can act ingenious fools,  
 And argue flily: *Eve* was kept alive,  
 Her native reason only to survive:  
 That it is lawful, in the *Logick* tree,  
 Man should have one side, and the other she,  
 As 'tis in *Eden* pictur'd. Did the men  
 Improprate all Wisdom: surely then  
 Children half-witted are; yet will they call  
 Their Mothers fools, for fear lest naturals  
 They should be thought; when they that are most fit  
 To be thought fools, do want their *Mother-wit*.  
 The *Pagans* were more humane far than these,  
 Of famed Ladies that made Goddesses,  
 Wou'd have three Graces female, and did feign  
 The wise *Minerva* sprang out of *Joves* brain.  
 Invoke no more the Muses: none will side  
 With thee, to mother thy foul *Matricide*  
 In wronging of this Sex; make haste, and run:  
*Timon* may chance t' adopt thee for his son;  
 For sweetness of thy Nature, thou maist be  
 Made to inherit his humanity.  
 Thy slender wit true wisdom ne're begate,  
 No learned School will it *Matriculate*,  
 If it be *Alma-mater*. Learn agen  
 What petty Scholar means by *Epicene*,  
 Or fall out with *hec Homo* (if you can)  
 To save the head of Mr. *Priscian*.

Correct you *Lilly's* candour, that doth render;  
*Dux, Praeful, Pugil* in the Common-gender.  
 Were women all ( *Leena-like* ) among  
 Grateful *Athenians* without a tongue,  
 That chose to be ador'd, for being Mutes,  
 They justly might be pictured as Brutes,  
 As she was, for her praise. Debasin<sup>g</sup> thought  
 Of their discourse, though sober, solid brought  
 Reproach that they are wordy, if they go  
 Beyond the narrow bounds of I, and No.  
 The want of learned rules, their misery  
 Is call'd their fault, and great infirmity  
 Of Nature. Had their fit endowments been  
 Favour'd by men, as Nature, we had seen  
 Scholars divided into Sexes, and  
 Some Females challenging the better hand  
 Of them for wit, that do vouchsafe to call  
 Them creatures but made up of tedious braw,  
 And empty noise; with fury ( when they dye )  
 In *Vulcan's* quiet anvill choose to lye,  
 For fear of clamour; lest their Oratory  
 Should vex them in that silent *Dormitory*.  
 Some such wise *Rabbies* surely did invent,  
 That on a time the bounteous Heavens sent  
*Ten quarts of Speech into the world, and men*  
*Got to their share but one poor part of ten :*  
*women the rest.* If that the case were thus,  
 They cannot but be thought too g'urronous,  
 To take nine cabs of prattle, when a quart  
 Is not scarce half enough to make a part  
 For the good men, that lavishly estate  
 Spend in good fellowship, and endless prate.  
 Gownmen are not all speechless, nor the Hall  
 Of Justice freed from their litigious braw.  
 Had it been so: then the loud wrang'ers had  
 For all their joyful *Hilaries* been sad.

That *Ens* of reason *Sophomore* not able  
 Had been to make a tedious empty squabble  
 About some Logick nicety, nor spent  
 So many hours in eager battlement  
 With strange *Chimera*. Then what should the men  
 Have done, that are stout Champions at the pen ;  
 Whose worthy parts must not be sized by  
 The Childish seven eens, but seventy ;  
 Whose skulls are so well futur'd, that not any  
 Air can offend them through the smallest crany  
 To make them vain ; yet fight *Antagonists*  
 With rayling *Rhetorick* to save their filts.  
 Their mighty reason scarce presents a *For*,  
 But such as drops from the *Posterior*,  
 Scornful disdain. The dealing is not square  
 That men should be advanced to the Chair,  
 And women not such Scolds by far to rule  
 Their lavish tongues presented to the stool.  
 Women have got no priviledge to write  
 Books stuf't with slander, base contempt and spice,  
 Which purged of their choler might be meet  
 As skeletons bare for a winding-sheet.  
 Although their words are spiteful, keen men can  
 Yet get them reckon'd as *Patritian*  
*Sobriety* : so well have some men sped  
 To have their malice meekness *Christened*.  
 Brag'd of tame tempers : such tame creatures be  
 Safely presented through a grate to see :  
 On sweetness of their temper true Comment  
 Is *Pius, Clement, Urbane, Innocent*.  
 The privacy of womens narrow sphere  
 Domestick, makes their virtue less appear.  
 Wanting occasion their parts buried lye  
 In the dark vault of base obscurity,  
 That have not only unconquered charms  
 Of winning beauty, but affrighting arms.

It therefore is unhappiness of state  
 So much embases word *effeminate*,  
 And keeps their spirits under : Had they wayes  
 And opportunities to get them praise :  
 Were they inur'd to hardships, they'd outvie  
 Those that do hold estates in Chivalry :  
 Or have done brave Knights-service, and afford  
 More gallantry than those that were ador'd.  
 Though mention of their due praise envy call  
 A Tattle more than *Hyper-prodigal*,  
 And the surmise of feats that might be done  
 In arms by them, an idle Fiction :  
 For what they have achieved nobly, fame  
 Will ever stand indebted to their Name.  
 And if they do not sue the jangling Lais,  
 It is because amongst them she doth pass  
 Not worthy of regards, too base to be  
 Sought unto by their true *Nobility*.  
 Yet famous men have Courted much her honour,  
 Of fawning titles cast whole loads upon her,  
 Were humble suitors they might be among  
 Those, who had interest in her idle tongue,  
 Promising they would be her Champions bold  
 To do great feats : but only to be to'd.  
 When flattering fame commended did not cry  
 Out with this womanish Loquacity,  
 Let her be packt out of the way, and go  
 Seek place in *Psittacorum Regno*.  
 Amongst the *Vegetables*, nobler trees  
*Fruitless* have been, we read, without their sheers :  
 So on the *Erythrean* barks, for wart  
 Of other dwellers, noble *Palms* do plant  
 And grow in couples ; shewing that *th'entail*  
*Of Honour runs not to the issue male*  
 In special ; he would have a barren roo,  
 But that the gen'rous female bears the fruit.

It's reasonable women have as well  
 The praise, as they have power to excell.  
 They that deny them honour, must profess,  
 And likewise seem to prove their worth is less.  
 Would they attempt it, they'd desire no more  
 To make them see their Heresie before ;  
 And shew them that a Volume should be spent;  
 And not a single Sheet when they repent.  
 Are faults and blemishes in them so thin  
 Scatter'd, that works of God must be clapt in  
 To make crimes more : that his works are so large  
 To them, is full enough to ground a charge  
 Against them ; whereas had he but less spent  
 On them, they had been judged innocent.  
 Since their great beauties to some become snares ;  
 Fault ( Tarbox ) straight must be concluded theirs.  
 If this be Logick, let us borrow tools  
 From Crafts-men of the Chair to make us fools ;  
 Condemn the light, because some over-wise  
 By staring at it chance to hurt their eyes.  
 We'l strain our fancies, and conceits to think  
*Aqua Cœlestis, which the Stars do drink*  
*Too lib'rally, makes them to blink, and keep*  
*Their heavy eyes scarce ope for want of sleep.*  
*Darken the lustre of those radiant lights,*  
*That we may favour weakness of our sights.*  
 If in the womensfeature crime be known ;  
 The fault of right should not be call'd their own :  
 This noble fabricks beauty must reflect  
 Upon the goodness of the Architect,  
 That made the work so rare, as to entice  
 To folly curious spectators eyes.  
 Good form by wise men hath been made to go  
 For that, which is *Dignum Imperio,*  
 Teaching in outward features how to find  
 A correspondent beauty in the mind.



Let them smart under censures, that delight  
 To walk, in habits like *Hermaphrodite* ;  
 That by their manlike looks, garbs, fashions rare,  
 Make it a question of what Sex they are ;  
 Debasing thus *Virago's* nobler sence,  
 And making it to hide their impudence.  
 May they be hateful to all modest sights,  
 That turn into almost half *Adamites*,  
 Whose visage must not Natures power express,  
 But their pride, and affected wickedness ;  
 Despising nature of their sex they call  
 A meal-mouth'd-modesty, base, rustical.  
 Talk what the eags of wantonest might load  
 To make their wanton tongues too *Alamode*.  
 May those slye cheats ( that modesty do own  
 For nought, but base immodest ends ) be known :  
 Who baiting with a pretty sober look,  
 Make the young fool to swallow down the hook.  
 In men and women when the fault is same,  
 How cometh it to pass they share not blame  
 By equal moieties ? In men a Beam  
 Is call'd a Mote ; a More, a Beam in them.  
 Upon what ground taketh the saying place ?  
 This fault is bad in man, in woman base.  
 Shall we thus aggravate ? they've wisdom more :  
 But very few will charge them on that score.  
 Precedence by none will be granted in  
 Knowledge, although it were to lessen sin.  
 Is it their inclination less to vice  
 At first unto the scandal that gave rise ?  
 They that to wickedness are less inclin'd  
 Must be acknowledg'd to have purer mind,  
 Which makes spots more conspicuous : oftentimes  
 Better the persons are, the fouller crimes  
 Appear in them. *Deformities* are not  
 Observ'd in darker bodies ; when each spot

Shews it self in the brighter ; thus we soon  
 Espye the spots, that do obscure the Moon.  
 So Authors *Venus* mole do *Memorize*,  
 So least pearl blemisheth the brightest eyes.  
 If this will not be granted, all must say,  
 That men in somethings, and in others they,  
 Plead excellence. Let guilt, as equal then  
 Be charg'd upon the women, as the men.  
 Yet women, knowing freedom doth not lye  
 In what is but licentious liberty,  
 Are we'll content with honour of their state,  
 That doth their crimes so highly aggravate.  
 Hath *Brittain* suffer'd any prejudice,  
 By being called *womens Paradise*,  
 Giving them thirds, the highest seats, and wall  
 So Civilly, with so great share of all  
 Their husbands lands ? This they return agen,  
 Their free-born children make the bravest men.  
 They cannot have their souls scarce half so brave  
 Where Father is a Tyrant, Mother Slave.  
 In vain *Italian* women are kept fast  
 By Hu bands Jaylorship to make them chaste.  
 How many vex'd, and tempted by the thought  
 Of Jealous-pated-men have been made naught ?  
 Thinking disloyalty would nothing cost  
 More than what had been quite already lost  
 In his esteem : setting more vainly by  
 A good repure, than real honesty.  
 Security for virtue, if undone  
 By wrongful, and but bare suspicion,  
 Is small ; if what the *Husband* doth invent,  
 Is cause enough for *wives imprisonment*.  
 On as good ground the poor might be bereft  
 Of all their liberty for fear of theft.  
 Hereby *Lucretian* chastity might fall  
 Under the black rod of foul *Criminal* ;

That

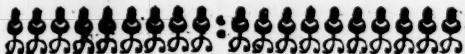
That cannot testimony give confin'd,  
 Before the fact, to honesty of mind.  
 The felons prison, shackles, bolts impart  
 What is according to the mens desert ;  
 It's not enough against him to alledge,  
 By witness, that he looked o're the hedge.  
 In Goal, when he is laid, we make no doubt,  
 But as he stole in, so he would steal out.  
 These Dames for nothing else, but being Wives,  
 Are made the closest prisoners for lives,  
 Never but in the Husbands death to see,  
 Or their own death, a Goal-delivery.  
 Barbarian *Xerxes-concubines*, escape,  
 'Tis said, if they but see a man, a rape ;  
 Before their count begins they must cry out,  
 For what ? to bring their honesty in doubt,  
 Rather than shield it. He who them espies  
 By chance, is not beholding to his eyes :  
 Whose case ( *Alexon-like* ) presents strange kind  
 Of misery, which is not to be blind.  
 Proud Masters think their rule entrenched on,  
 If the good Wives their reasons dare to own.  
 When they make question whether musty Must  
 Of cackl'd spirits should be born as Just,  
 Or with due reverence beseech, and pray,  
 They may not be expos'd as fools in play.  
 This boldness makes the sottish soul invent  
 A plot, and wish an Act of Parliam nt,  
 That each man in his house may rule, and be  
 Invested with a full authority  
 To domineer, command, controul, make Laws  
 Void of all reason ; but a proud because.  
 Scripture without a Word of God they bring  
 To justify their tyranny. The King  
*Ahab* cited is : the Queen  
*Jashbi* arraign'd, as grossly overseen,

That wou'd not shew her self; make Majesty,  
 She did partake of with the King, to be  
 As picture shew'd to subjects; and moreover  
 In this command they think the King was sober:  
 That a decree so necessary was  
 Fit to be made a Monument in brass.  
 I leave them with *Memucan* to prevent  
 Imperiousness, the woman never meant,  
 And to sue out the formallest decree  
 Against what never was, will never be.  
 The thing call'd *Matrimony* thus beguiles,  
 And makes a *John a Nokes*, a *John a Stiles*;  
 To swell with mighty titles: for his Cur-ship  
 To his proud hasty humours pleads for worship;  
 With prayers, tears, she our *John* may not assault,  
 When dub'd Sr. *Walter Walter* Knight of Malt.  
*Sarah* call'd *Abraham* Lord; his Wife must do  
 So to his honour, he'll be *Baron* too.  
 If she thinks, all her livelihood too much is  
 To be expos'd to his greedy clutches,  
 Since he reels all away, that she can spin;  
 Spends faster than hard labour can bring in:  
 Her chests, and coffers, boxes straight he breaks  
 Open, to shew his Licence to play *Rex*.  
 If *Cajetanes* vote carry, he may hope  
 To be elected as *Domestick Pope*;  
 That, sith the womans head is man, doth call  
 His power by title that is *Mystical*,  
 Hard to be understood: what doth infer  
 As *Mystick* something, that he's *Mystick Sir*.  
 The toying Wife may give her self the ease,  
 And judge it fit that *Peter* keep the keyes  
 In his power o're her, children, servants see  
 Mark of the Beast a *Triple-Soveraignty*,  
 And be forbidden ever for to own  
 That she believes the story of *Pope Joan*.

If he do tyrannize, and reason fail  
 For what he doth, he puts on Coat of Male;  
 Pleads he's an husband : so right, or behoof,  
 Or promise shall not pierce him : this is Proof.  
 If *Layship* cannot well absolve the man,  
 Nor give indulgence, *Mystick Headship* can.  
 This speckled creature, without charge of pelf,  
 May do wrong, give a pardon to himself.  
 We need no antient Histories to tell us,  
 That meaner sort of *Dames* may grow good fellows,  
 Follow the trade of Gossippings ; they can  
 Toss jovially their pots like any man :  
 If the poor *Gaffer* have weak jacks, their wills  
 May not be serv'd without their lustier Gills ;  
 Whole spirits make them keep most woful rackets  
 It may be fall hard on their husbands jackets  
 If so *Viraginous*, that must allow  
 What such Wives say, or do ; cannot tell how  
 To help it ; scarce may think that expence sad ;  
 Which beggars families, and makes them mad.  
 For me, *Xantippe* ne're shall be too old,  
 To bear the *stigma* of an odious scold.  
 As punishment just let her alwayes be  
 Under the *tongue-strappado* Railery.  
 Yet this may sober Civil women vex,  
 That faults, not general, upon the sex  
 Are cast. What made *Philosopher* to load us  
 With silly *passus habendi Modus* ?  
 Was there no matter for the wife to write  
 Upon, but *womens eager appetite*  
 To men ? by slender matter first begot  
 To serve, they say themselves, they know not what ;  
 The most for which this poor conceipt can bid,  
 Is little something called *Nesio quid*.  
 What means unkind *Dilemma*, that sayes women  
 If beautiful, must therefore needs be common ?

Such base *Dilemma's* always in dispute  
 Deserve to bear the *Odium* of *Cornute*.  
 Leave off your tyranny, you pievish elves,  
 Whilst you do harm your Wives, you wrong your selves.  
 Making their grieving hearts through eyes express,  
 What tongues would not, the great unhappiness  
 Not to be suffer'd, that they are brought to,  
 Endeavouring most vainly to please you.  
 What can you swagger, storm at, and confine  
 Them wrongfully, and call it Masculine.  
 Thus to insult? It is but foolish mind,  
 Seeks to advance the Sex, debase the kind.  
 Is't mercy to thy family to make  
 Subsistence of Wife, Children lye at stake,  
 And run a sad adventure; when they All  
 Must be exposed by a doubtful fall,  
 And but uncertain cast at Dice? wherein  
 She suffers much, although thou chance to win.  
 But (if some unexpected hap do cross  
 Thy greedy aims) she must sit down with loss.  
 When all is cast away, may she not gain  
 The liberty of losers to complain?  
 Canst thou think to run through all in thy sport,  
 And not endure thou shouldst be blamed for't?  
 Or make it run through thee by drunken fit,  
 And yet not suffer her to grieve for it?

*Women*



*Women-Worthies.*

**E**Xamples croud upon us, lest the flaws  
 Of some irregulars should wrong their cause,  
 The innocence of others blemish, and the blame  
 Of envy should be charg'd, i'le further name  
 Out of those many, thought to equal best  
 Of men, some few, that did outshine the rest.  
 Since the great *Amazonian* Ladies seats  
 Are mention'd by good Authors, and their feats  
 Of War, successes, progress, and the Dates  
 Of these related with Confederates,  
 Their government, declensions, and last Queen,  
 But to suppose they have not been, is spleen  
 In them, in questioning that make us know,  
 They are ashamed much that it should be so.  
 The greatness of the things they did achieve,  
 Puts the world so much to it, to believe.  
 Others do talk at a prodigious rate,  
 And that which noble was, call desperate.  
 As though their valour in first gallant fight  
 Were to be thought a better sort of flight.  
 Were we dispos'd this reason to allow  
 As likely, possibly who could tell how  
 To vindicate great Warriors; for men,  
 When desperate, fight their way back agen.  
 In dangers vilest *Recreants* are made stout  
 Only to make way to creep poorly out.  
 But they consult not safety to make peace,  
 Which soon might have been done; since cause did cease.

For their exile, and sufferings : but go on,  
 Leaving their names to fame *Thermoodon*.  
 Revenge was not the main cause ; for that lamp  
 When flash is over, soon is quench'd by damp  
 Of fear. Their courage in the proof was clear,  
 If not from wild-fire-rashness, yet from fear.  
 Not a few ages puts this out of doubt,  
 Wherein their valour through defeats held out.  
 Many Commanders courage did commence  
 Famous, at the Acts of *Experience*,  
 That need not be ashamed to confess,  
 They owed almost all unto success :  
 Or yield they have deriv'd their famous spirit  
 From Ancestors success, which they inherit.  
 Successes caus'd not valour, but from hence,  
 Their native courage, sprang experience.  
 Their Mothers victories, got in late fight,  
 They could not look upon as their own right,  
 Or sith their husbands prospered in Deed  
 Of arms, think therefore they must need succeed.  
 Had success only rais'd their spirits, then  
 Some few defeats had beaten down again.  
 They that are bred under the tyranny  
 Of long, and hard oppression, will be shy  
 To own their Native-freedom, have no thought  
 Higher, than to do what they have been taught :  
 In time are brought to this degenerate sense  
 To think their reason piece of Impudence.  
 They have Heroick Spirits, tru'y great,  
 Whose mettle loseth little by defeat.  
 If over-pow'd by force, yet can maintain  
 Their minds so high, that Victors scarce shall gain.  
 Thus may we find the valiant *Amazon*,  
 Conquer'd, and conquering, to seem all one.  
 Not that subjection, since first sin began,  
 Adjudg'd a curse of woman unto man ;



Not weakness of her sex, made weaker by  
 Her liberty to rule but *Infantry* ;  
 Not banishment from friends, and native soil;  
 Not murder of her husband ; not her spoil ;  
 Not inexperience in war that can  
 Daunt courage of the *Amazonian*.  
 These in their first engagement bravely know  
 The way to fight, and how to overthrow,  
 Turning the Distaff into Lance : the Wheel  
 They cast away ; get Gorgets made of steel,  
 Having their minds most stout ( as bows were ) bent  
 To make a strange unheard Experiment.  
 Whether their nature, or condition brought  
 Them to subjection, and so dreadful thought  
 Of wars ; when they assault the enemy  
 Think it securest way for life to fly  
 Not in a Complement ; but forc'd give place,  
 As if the *Asian* bounds were but a Chase,  
 Where they do follow pleasant warlike sport,  
 And each one carries in her heart a fort.  
 All other forts they leave, and Champion  
 By them is fittest to be trod upon.  
 By providence they seem to have a Charter  
 To rule o're men. The strongest spirit of *Tartar*,  
 Was weak to theirs. Now we read of a *Quarum*.  
 To put in Maps *Insulam sœminarum*  
 Is no great courtesie. It seems they meant  
 To prove the world but narrow Continent  
 To their desires. *Maragnon* banks do pay  
 Honour to their Names in *America*.  
 And the supposed head of *Nile* will dare  
 To challenge that they once were seated there.  
*Euxine* looks black at that, supposing thanks  
 For them, was chiefly due unto his banks.  
 Where ere they came they made Crowns use another  
 Phrase ; and great Kingdom to obey their Mo. her.

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Of Menalippe.

Great *Hercules* for ever famous is  
 For all his labours, and not less for this  
 With *Menalippe* that engag'd to fight,  
 Who could not be match'd but by such a Knight.  
 The Victory with hardship she let go  
 At last, and glad was he he got it so,  
 Not by pure valour; then my Author lyes,  
 That gives the greatest part unto surprize.  
 If most renowned of the *Greeks* comes here  
 As chapmen, she will sell them conquest dear.  
 The Conquerors by Chariot that lead  
 Their Vassal-Kings might be thus vanquished.  
 With honour too: 'tis credit more by some  
 To get a foyle, than elsewhere overcome.

of

of Penthesile.

Penthesile brought ( with a kind intent  
 Of helping *Priam* ) her Maid-Regiment  
 As some affirm, and had she sooner come,  
 Despairing *Greeks* with shame had ridden home  
 On Wooden Horse. They now that dare to tax  
*Troies* folly, yet do dread the Battle-ax,  
 Which she invented : heart was fully try'd  
 Of great *Achilles* Son before she dy'd.  
 Such brave *Vivago's* not by smoother words  
 Of Complements, were overcome, but Swords:  
 The gallant *Grecian* yonkers, that did Court,  
 Before they wan their love, fought stoutly for't.

of

of

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 of Artemisia.

**H***Alicarnassus* Queen her self did shew  
 Fit to command the *Archipelago*.  
 While *Persians* stand at gaze, the *Grecians* are  
 Forc'd to make way for more than Men of War,  
 Which she conducted ; as though she would glory,  
 And make the Sea part of her Territory.  
 The *Persian*-Carpet-Knights with courage cold  
 Run, to secure themselves, into the Hold :  
 Giving *Achaians* leave to understand,  
 Ships overcharg'd with such, were poorly man'd.  
 The ink may blush, and Scribes, that are to write  
 At her stout heart of Oak, their wings for flight.  
*Xerxes* spectator is asham'd to see  
 The Queens top, and top-gallant-gallantry.  
 More are the *Greeks* enrag'd, that overcome,  
 And scarce can carry half the honour home.  
 Her most renown'd *Mausoleum* could not be  
 For braveness half such wonder as was she.  
 What was for honour of her husband meant  
 Of her great praise is made the Monument.

of

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*Of Zenobia.*

**W**E'l boast *Zenobia* in triumph led,  
 Yet by *Aurelian* not conquered.  
 Not having life ; nor begging piteously,  
 To live not blushing, nor asham'd to dye ;  
 For when her army's broken and command,  
 She more undaunted, than the Victor stands :  
 Though outward splendour must be left behind,  
 She will reserve the greatness of her mind,

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*Of the Queen of Sheba.*

**A***rabia* the Happy boasts of her,  
 That by her wisdom made it happier ;  
 And from *Sabæan-land* did come upon  
 Errand, of proving wisest *Solomon*  
 With questions hard, she questionless gave much  
 Assurance, that she was another such.  
 The greatest Warriors were prov'd, we see,  
 By women in the feats of Chivalry.  
 The wisest meer man in the Holy Writ  
 Is said to be try'd by a womans wit.  
 With men in noblest exploits they'l compare,  
 That in the wonders of the world had share.  
 Are they so equal? We may therefore render  
 Acts, that are glorious, in the *Doubtful Gender*.

## of Deborah.

**W**hen oppress'd *Israel* did sadly moan  
 Under their losses, which they might not own :  
 When government was needful to appease  
 Those, who in restlessness take greatest ease :  
 When by what Laws command, and Ruiners say  
 People take pattern how to disobey :  
 When Malefactors need make no defence  
 For their outrages, but more violence :  
 Then *Deborah* is rais'd ; for none so free  
 From fear, so wise, so stout, so good as she.  
 Here Widows, Orphans, strangers freely might  
 Have their cause pleaded, and receive their right  
 As soon as richest ; for she knew right well  
 How to give Judgement ; but had none to sell.  
 No tedious demurrers here ; no witty  
 Cobweb-exceptions, Courts of foolish pitty.  
 For Chancery, no argument she draws  
 From Topick of the person, but the cause.  
 They that stood by her could not but invoke  
 God, when they heard the Oracles she spoke.  
 Nay bisfront *Jays* could not put a face  
 Upon't, if there to deny her the place.  
*Barak* gives her right hand, is glad to be  
 Beholding for his branch to her Palm-tree.  
 She gave first blow in the attempt, and lead  
 The host, and *Jael* knock'd nail to the head.

## Of Esther.

The proud *Amalekite* fate daily at  
 His *Pur Pur*, like a Melancholly Cat,  
 Blood-mad and raging that straight at his call  
 The lucky lot did not prepare to fall.  
 Since *Mordcai* to bow refused, he  
 Seeks by Jews downfall to revenged be.  
 Thirst of his malice cannot be by blood  
 Of one man quenched, he can drink a flood  
 Of tears and gore : therefore *Esther* adventures  
 Though with the hazard of her life, and enters  
 Into the presence against Law : the Queen  
 Redeems lives that were purchas'd for his spleen.  
 Since he's not tall enough, doth still aspire,  
 She will advance him forty cubits higher.  
 Haman will not be a man, yet his fate  
 With twist doth take away the *aspirate*.  
 Thus under God the Feast of *Purim* may  
 Be reckon'd as the *Jewish Esther* day.

of

of

## Of Judith.

**W**Hat to distress'd, despairing, *Israel* was  
 Too much to think ; *Judith* doth bring to pass.  
 Proud *Holofernes* thought his words so stout,  
 Enough among the Jews to make a rout.  
 Wishing them heart to make resistance great  
 To heighten his courage, and their defeat  
 To aggravate, she silenceth those boasts,  
 And at two blows, stoutly beheads an host.  
 No petty Forts assail, but chief of all,  
 Their main strength, and soon takes the *Capitoll*.  
 When to *Bethulia* she returns, and calls,  
 There straight arise some statues on the walls.  
 So great amazing joy in every one  
 Made them seem part of th' wall turn'd into stone.  
 So once *Medusa's* beauty left no vigour  
 Of men to the beholders, but a Figure.  
 She fear'd not living Monster, some do doubt  
 From the fierce head lest body should grow out  
 As heads of *Hydra* from the body ; seeing  
 Dead Tyrant them she scarce can keep from flying.  
*Bago's* with shame doth find his Master dead,  
 And proves a trusty keeper of his head.  
*Affyrian* camp in great confusion stands.  
 They that want head, have little use of hands.  
 Women in triumph walk that day like host,  
 And they have greatest right to rule the roast.  
*Judith* led Van, and she the Olive bore  
 The other branches as the Dove before.



*Of Queen Elizabeth.*

o pass. **W**onder of women, and of Queens, the breath  
one. *Of Englands glory, was Elizabeth.*  
 That quenched bonafires, which loud did proclaim  
 The Popish cruelty with tongues of flame.  
 To Protestants when she brought liberty  
 The *Friar-Bacons* in their grease did fry.  
 That she deceiv'd their wicked art, and fell  
 Not within power of their Magick spell,  
 And *Romish* Bats afraid of Gospel Light,  
 As much asham'd, pull out their eyes for spight.  
 They to their private Masses run, one reads  
 He knows not what, yet stifly plyes his beads,  
 Sayes what he mindeth not; but makes a patter  
 When he poor soul knows nothing of the matter.  
t By *Delver* now are *Englisch* Bibles found,  
 And brought to light, that were hid under ground.  
ng. Now are the clouds dispel'd of that dark night,  
 Wherein the Word must not be brought to light.  
 From bondage Protestants are brought, before  
 They did lye under, promise have of more.  
 The Pope grows horn-mad, he will disannull  
 All by (like wicked Holiness) a Bull.  
*Spain* (as most dutiful) the office bore  
 To be accounted best Son of the Whore,  
 And did appear with stout *Rodomontado*  
 A sudden, great, invincible *Armado*:  
 Close link'd together: but the pow'ful One  
 Design'd to break them by their Union.

The winds do blow till they are out of breath,  
 The seas are troubled threatening their death  
 That cross'd them, and with proud intent durst come  
 Of joyning Narrow Seas to Sea of *Rome*.  
 By envying command in them they gain  
 This fort, she will be Lady of the *Main*.  
 Their intercepted, laden, ships amount  
 To their fear, loss, shame, and to her account.  
*Deumarkian* name was not a little bound  
 To her for riches, glory of its Sound.  
 Through her sincerity *Batavian*,  
 When others lose by forreign aids, did gain.  
 This was rare instance, if for no other end,  
 To help distressed, but them to befriend :  
 When we are taught in *Machiavellian* School,  
 First give assistance, after take the rule.  
*French* Protestants the bounteous God do bless  
 With seasonable succours, and success.  
 No more ingrate, than miserable they,  
 First disoblige her, then become a prey.  
 Merchants, that Convoys slight, to Pyracies  
 Become an easier, and so richer prize :  
 So silly sheep, when once the Shepherd's gone,  
 By lurking Wolves may soon be fed upon.  
 When 'tis too late they know to be more wise,  
 And learn the treach'rous Leaguers cruel *Guise*.  
 The forreign Lands, that bosomes had, have been  
 Most joyful there to lay our Merchants in :  
 That making their discoveries, did pass  
 Through dreadful Lands of Ice, and Seas of *Glass*,  
 And what is strange scarce suffered *Terra*  
*Australis* to remain *Incognita*.  
 Of Navigation in each point did try  
 To make a perfect *Encyclopedye*.

Of Mary Magdalen.

Our Saviour hath foretold, the lurgs of same  
 Should still indebted be to *Maries* name ;  
 That mirror of Gods mercy, once possess'd  
 By many evil spirits, made a blest  
 House for the Holy Ghost. The blackest night  
 Of sinful state turn'd into glorious light.  
 Do not upbraid her that her crimes were such :  
 All was forgiven, and she loved much.  
 The costly Spicknard which she poured forth  
 Upon his head, did not come near the worth  
 Of her great love. To those, who grudged there  
 At needless waste, Christ was not half so dear.  
 This humble handmaid judg'd it most meet  
 To sit, as a Disciple, at his feet,  
 And gather up the precious words, that fell  
 From the mouth of *Rabbi Immanuel*.  
 His feet she bathes in fountain of her eyes,  
 Them with the flaxen of her hairs she dries.  
 Her sober sadness he blasphemes that jeers,  
 From her derives the cheat of Maudlin-tears.  
 And she as holy women did supply  
 With purse the humbled Almsufficiency.  
 And follows him at last, with drown'd eyes  
 And broken heart, beholds him as he dyes ;  
 Who at his death, and after was most dear,  
 His last care first appearance makes appear.  
*Venus* a female Planet so doth run  
 Her course, to wait upon the setting Sun ;  
 And she again gives notice by her bright  
 Rayes, of the coming of the Monarch light.

*Of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*

**F**emales the holy Virgin did advance,  
 In bringing forth the worlds deliverance,  
 The blessed Child, of whom it's only said,  
 Because he could not lye, not credited ;  
 Whose innocence, works, Miracles and all  
 Made him esteem'd a greater Criminal ;  
 Whose host service, and souls anguish great,  
 We read in Rubrick of a bloody sweat ;  
 More deep concerns for man, than those that rise,  
 And freely spout out of the blood-shot-eyes ;  
 Whose sufferings ineffable impart,  
 Through pierced side, view of a weeping heart ;  
 Who tasted bitter sowre, that we might meet  
 In greatest troubles, but with bitter sweet.  
 Methinks at the report of thy Child's fame,  
 I see worlds wonders wonder, and to blame  
 Their builders proud, and cosily folly, which  
 When he was made so poor, would make them rich.  
 When Lumarie of the day draws near,  
 The lesser lights cannot for shame appear.  
 So great Wonders at his coming fall,  
 Own him as Wonder greater much than all.  
 The stately Pyramids, the Memphian pride,  
 Their lofty heads abashed seek to hide,  
 To be both out of sight and mind ; for shame  
 The great *Dia* blusheth into flame.  
*Colossus* less than *Pi*, my seems to be,  
 Compar'd to him that is Immensity.

Egyptian *Pharos* would officiously  
 Hold candle to this Wonder passing by :  
 But that poor watch-light nothing could confer,  
 To help the brightness of the Morning Star.  
 Olympick *Jupiter* like Statue stands,  
 For empty shew, with eyes, ears, mouth and hands.  
 In thee was Master-piece of Heaven aid ;  
 Most curious work that ever Heaven made.  
 Had there gone out tax on the wit of all  
 Men on this Globe, wisdom Angelica,  
 They could have carv'd with curiosity,  
 But better shap'd piece for *Idolary*.  
 The Father hath express'd his Image on  
 Pure Virgin-wax, and ta'n to Union  
 With God the second Person ; hence our true  
 Service, and adoration are due.  
 The *Carian* boast *Mausoleum* dare not call  
 For any Rights, but silent burial  
 In rubbish ; for its greatest pride cango  
 For nothing more than Worms *Scraglio*.  
 Much greater wonder is the Virgin Tomb,  
 Where never man was laid before. The womb  
 That bore him is more glorious ; when the bright  
 Sun for nine months in *Virgo* lodg'd his light.  
 The strong, and stately *Babylonian* wall  
 Compar'd to him s no defence at all.  
 He's wall, much stronger than one made of stone,  
 Or brass, impregnable salvation.  
 To take the height of which, requires much rather  
 Than a poor *Jacob's Staff*, a *Jacob's Ladder*.



*The Character of an Accomplished and  
Virtuous Woman.*

**T**Hy mind is happy, being seat of wit,  
 More happy since discretion governs it :  
 The former is the pretty fable, this  
 Discretion grave the useful Moral is.  
 As there irrational do speak what suites  
 With solid reason, that men turn not brutes :  
 So here child's raught the riddles to unfold  
 Of gravity, a stripling to grow old.  
 It stains not freshness of thy youth to have,  
 And to deserve the Epithete of grave,  
 Hated by them, whose bodies now grown cold,  
 Make them in all respects, but prudence, old :  
 But much concerns thee, time runs on so fast  
 With winged feet, and thou no better haste  
 Canst make in judgement, that thy tender age  
 By Antedate of prudence may be sage.  
 Leaveest them to blush at their idle fears,  
 That reckon it as Int'rest in their years,  
 To seem discreet, but yielding viler rate  
 To Ladies, that are worn quite out of Date.  
 Thou think'st not gravity doth then look best,  
 Exposed when to laughter in a jest,  
 Or that becoming wit, which doth afford  
 To make the author of it more absurd.  
 Thou seek'st with grandam-virtues to adorn  
 Thy self, when youthful vanities are worn

By persons much more aged, to yield strong  
 Presumption to the world that they are young :  
 That seem to reckon it as an excess  
 Either to practise virtue or profess :  
 Admit into their *Ethicks* modesty  
*Apocope'd*, without a Civil tye :  
 Serving all wanton modes : thus pievish wag  
*Spoileth the lace by pulling off the Tar.*  
 Those, that in too great freedom draw not near  
 Occasions foul, are judged too severe :  
 As though plain Modesty deserv'd no thanks,  
 Careful, how it approaches nigh the banks  
 Of foulest baseness : their presumption thinks,  
 It's want of resolution fears the brinks.  
 A vulgar unapproved innocence  
 Deserving not at all Heroick sence.  
 They'l have you think, if you have faith enough,  
 They're innocent as child new born, although  
 They tempt the wanton Revelier to try  
 What guard is kept upon their honesty.  
 Strength of thy resolution is bely'd,  
 If it be thought to be less fortifi'd  
 Because of caution : rather might it tell,  
 Against wild storms it is impregnable.  
 If any, in repute grown outlaw'd, comes, |  
 Assaults with levity, and bears the drums  
 Of thy chaste ears, he finds there is no charm  
 To win thy heart, but make thy virtues arm,  
 Vileness of his attempts exposed lye  
 Set out in colours of *Vermilion-dye*.  
 That he may see his rudeness, take the shame;  
 Thou lend'st the *Taper* of thy modest flame.  
 When exhalations thick the air do muddy,  
 So the bright Ruler of the morn looks ruddy.  
 If highness to debase upon the stage,  
 And folly mask with an abstemious rage;

If to feed corrupt fancy with the veins  
 Of Levity in some Romantick Strains ;  
 It lofty traversing must be alone  
 Accounted gallant education ;  
 Thou wilt take up with grave, and antient sort  
 Of breeding, and not be less nobler for't.  
 The Lillyes candour, and the blushing Rose,  
 A temper neither frolick, nor morose,  
 Pleasantness mixed well with gravity,  
 A grave deportment, marion-like, and free ;  
 The sweetest condescension, not abject,  
 Or fardel to command, and to affect  
 O'liging carriage, which admired makes  
 Rather than feared, as it awes it takes,  
 Not too high, nor familiar, to prevent  
 Both the extremes of hatred, and contempt  
 Are thy true glories, not for shew, but use,  
 Need not bear judgement true, or beg excuse.  
 Let lofty Mounters proudly scale the skye  
 With frizled, sparkling bravery, and dye.  
 Let *Met'ors* with exhalations fed,  
 Glutted with vapour, be soon famished.  
 Let Potentates be swoln up big with Titles  
 In Honours Volumes but the smallest tittles.  
 Let proud *Phantastes* much admire his Minion  
 A ragged, bare, and beggarly Opinion.  
 Thy praise is in thy self, not put to death  
 By spiteful stopping of anothers breath.  
 To thee, without true excellence, 'tis naught,  
 Great, and right Honourable, to be thought :  
 Since it is more to be, than on'y seem ;  
 To merit glory, than to have esteem.  
 To appear great to world dost not aspire,  
 But ( if to vulgar sight less ) to be higher,  
 Whil'st haughtiness fondly advancing Crest  
 Th'n'eth her own Fools-Coat the Noblest,

Because



Because it's gaudy: Scripture He aldry  
 Gives the much better plain Humility.  
 Thy self-denyal is a noble fear,  
 For greatest *Alexander* far too great;  
 Too high for them whose soaring aims were bent  
 To gain the title of Magnificent.  
 It's truly honourable to despise  
 That which the greatest Monarch's idolize.  
 Ambition lawful is, and the intent  
 Blessed, in goodness to be excellent;  
 After good acts performing to Commerce,  
 And take the high degrees of Eminence.  
 The towering thoughts of pride, that do advance  
 Their lofty heads by Gospel Ordinance,  
 Thou batter'st down. Pray'r, tastings do confer  
 To make thee humble, a self Leveller.  
 Before thou wast since that thy power to be  
 Depended on Gods Alfsufficiency;  
 That could produce. Thy situation stated  
 Was from the will, and virtue that created.  
 Beauty, wit, greatness, honour thou'lt confess,  
 But as they are deriv'd from God, are less  
 Than nothing in act safely canst maintain  
 Them less than less than Nothing told again:  
 Nor are nor can be real, but hang on  
 The judgements greatest Contradiction.  
 These realliz'd thou thankfully dost own,  
 Because that they are thine, and not thy own;  
 Thine, as to payment of a grateful mind;  
 Thine, not to free from duty, but to bind;  
 So not thine own a worthiness to raise  
 In self, but what redoundeth to his praise.  
 In this God must be sole without compare,  
 Since it is granted, Nothing hath no share.  
 Beauty so many envy, and admire;  
 Honour few seek to merit, but acquire.

Riches that suffer not the owner sleep;  
 Health many seek to Court, but few to keep.  
 Thousand degrees are short of parallel  
 To Grace, wherein thou strivest to excell  
 Transcendently becoming humble, so  
 What most advanceth thee, still makes thee low,  
 Thy native vileness truly to confels;  
 And real greatness makes thee so much less  
 In the esteem of self, yet on this score  
 Thy worth and modesty deserve the more.  
 Thy speeches pithy, solid, give a light  
 Composed to instruct, and to delight,  
 Serious, and pleasant, witty, pertinent,  
 Grave, pat, and proper, fit for each intent,  
 With pleasure hearer, that may entertain  
 And recompence with profitable gain.  
 Much unlike theirs, who troubled with the lask  
 Or looseness of the tongue relate, and ask,  
 Not with desire to be inform'd, or break  
 Somewhat material to be known, but speak  
 What favours ill. Let men pretend their fears  
 How to such lavish tongues they lend their ears,  
 Pleasant their fancies too in laying ten  
 To one they never have them back agen,  
 Or not without the wrong of foul abuse.  
 Thou payest precious ear-rings for the use  
 Of some few short-liv'd Minutes, what is heard  
 From thee, shall be their pleasure, and reward.  
 Thy words as they imploy so do they whet,  
 Both exercise attention, and beget,  
 They stisfie, not cloy. By what is said  
 Hearer indebted is, as well as paid.  
 Thy Counsels are resolving Medicines,  
 Swasions, attractives, reproofs, Anodynes;  
 Where the discreet, and tender management  
 Make not the smallest part of Argument.

Whilst vain talk Melancholy doth increase;  
 Instead of helping, adds to the disease,  
 Lifts up the spirits in transports, withall  
 By their depression gives the sadder fall.  
 Good Cordials skillfully compounded hit  
 The cause, and so alleviate the fit:  
 So thy well temper'd speeches are more sure  
 Way to give ease, and to effect the cure.  
 Thy prudent humble meekness best can tame  
 Anger, when fury would the more inflame.  
 When over-hasty *Romans* do oppose  
 The stronger cunning *Carthaginian* grows,  
 And more successful, but soon melts away  
 By greater force of *Fabian*-delay.  
 Quitting is stratagem to win the field,  
 The way at once to overcome, and yield;  
 Never the base regarding, petty harms  
 Shall cast disgrace upon thy Coat of Arms.  
 Thy Victories are not dishonoured,  
 As where the Conquerour is vanquished.  
 They of true triumph want the greater half,  
 That conquer other Monarchs, but not self.  
 You that will have your nature judged by  
 Laughter at good (some Ladies property)  
 Come see the ugly face of your offence,  
 In Mirror of unmoved Patience.  
 By wrong would you provoke her? That doth move  
 Her to provoke you so much more to love.  
 Or will you calumnies cast? Her defence  
 Is not the like reproach; but Innocence.  
 In vain contend you with her, whose contest  
 Is (not to get the better) to be best.  
 She knows, they who by passion most have won,  
 Will so much sooner prove to be undone.  
 They run in debt, that strive to give offence  
 To others, owe the greater recompence,

An undeserved taunt or wicked curse  
 Can make her virtue not a jot the worse,  
 What malice casts upon, whilst not within,  
 Is the reproach of others, not her sin.  
 Were talk true Judge, the good then only might  
 Be good by favour, and be bad by spight :  
 Whilst some do in their needless visits come,  
 Till they be greatest strangers to their home ;  
 Gadding as though they to the world were sent  
 To be employ'd in what's Impertinent ;  
 As if their birth did privilege by right  
 Them to cast off the care, and oversight  
 Of house-concerns : thou keep'st thy wonted track  
 Through each task of thy painful *Zodiack*.  
 Like the bright Champion of the day, that rows  
 His flaming eye toward the distant Poles  
*Arctick Antarctic*, vieweth both the *Tropicks*,  
 The Seas *Tartarian*, and *Aethiopsicks*.  
 Thou art accomplished with quickest sense  
 In wise forecast, and careful Providence,  
 With memory fitly to recollect,  
 And care in all things makes thee circumspect.  
 Not suffering Medler in thy house to grow  
 That's open-headed, nor unuseful flow :  
 For slothful servants should there be no blame  
 When idle, lazy thou wouldst force for shame  
 By thy example them, that wait on thee,  
 To be affected to good huswifry.  
 They in their orbs must take their light from thine,  
 So they are made to serve, as well as shine.  
 By friends persuasions, or thy fancy catch'd,  
 To some prodigious temper art thou match'd,  
 Or marry'd rather, to draw out in care  
 Thy vexed life with a familiar ;  
 One that proves most unsuitable, whose gall  
 O'reflowing fills the house with hateful braul.

Thy Physick is not usual by keen  
 Reproofs, ill-savouring to mend his spleen;  
 Repress his choler, sweetly to endure  
 Thy Ethicks tell thee is the way to cure.  
 Where bombards cannot any breaches make,  
 A milder siege is found the way, to take.  
 As soon the shackles of the *Persian King*,  
 Or idle Ceremony of a Ring  
 Presented by Pope to his *Zani*, may  
 Bind *Hellaspont*, oblige rough *Adria*.  
 To calmness, as sharp quips, loud blust'ring can  
 Correct the madness of the churlish man.  
 This piece of rigour, *Nabalisme*, rage,  
 If curable, thou'lt break by *Saxifrage*  
 Of patience, and discretion. When dint  
 Of reason cannot, meekness breaks the dint.  
 But, if some passion break forth, 'tis thy strong  
 Desire, endeavour that it dye when young.  
 Thou wilt not be at fruitless pains to nurse  
 That, which as it grows e'der groweth worse.  
 Is he with fury charcoal'd, of desire  
 That softest breath makes him spit sparks of fire.  
 Thy silence from his rage shall take supply.  
 Anger, as fire, if't have no air will dye.  
 If glitt'ring pretences do'nt abuse  
 The candour of thy judgement; but thou choose  
 With love that is not blind associate,  
 That may yield double comfort to thy state.  
 Not Cynical, nor worthless passions slave,  
 But with a sweet complaisance that is grave,  
 Whose gentle nature more designs to draw  
 With most obliging carriage, than to awe  
 With stern looks, insolent commands: then you  
 Cannot but hit the Go'den Ru'e of two  
 In Marimonial fellowship, where one  
 Heart, joy, concern, care, tongue make Union.

No emulation, who shall be above  
 To govern, rule, command, controul ; but love.  
 Strive who shall please most, and contention  
 Is strong on both sides that there may be none.  
 Thy snares are harmlesly to gain. Each gin  
 Discreetly by thee laid is but to win.  
 In joy, success, his sorrows, losses too  
 Thou challengest for Joynture half as due.  
 With his content thy cheerfulness will mingle ;  
 Thy person is not, nor are crosses single.  
 By Catechizing, good instruction  
 To help fault of the first Transgression,  
 And sad fruit thence arising to redress  
 To most things steril : but to barrenness  
 Thou dost endeavour, that those of the earth  
 May be made happy by a second birth  
 To holiness ; and thus thy pray'rs, and toyl  
 May be rewarded by a fruitful soyl :  
 With the *sincere milk of the word* dost nurse  
 To make them blessings, and take off the curse ;  
 Whereby they growing up afford the gain  
 Of joy much greater than thy former pain.  
 So toyling husband-man beholding fate  
 And curse upon the earth degenerate  
 Grubs up the shrubs, thorns, bryars, and then ploughs ;  
 Harrows, and sows his seed with sweating brows ;  
 And thus by manifold encrease obtains  
 Against the curse, what will reward his pains.  
 Midas may wish for golden showres and Mountains,  
 Atlantick hortiyards and true Crystal fountains,  
 That all his Rams might bear as precious fleece,  
 As that which was fetch'd by the youths of Greece,  
 His fields were *Or*, and *Argent*, nought to breed  
 But precious money-wort, and silver-weed ;  
 Or pray that all his Cockle Oyster-shells  
 With precious pearls were fill'd, and nothing else ;

That he may keep his *Lent* upon each fish;  
 As rich as that, in *Polycrates* dish.  
 Thy earnest prayer is a great deal wiser,  
 Than what obtain'd would alwayes make a Miser.  
 Therefore dost thou implore the power above,  
 Thy heart may be good soil for Johns-wort-Love,  
 Contentment which yields hearts ease, and true hope  
 Directed unto Christ as *Heliotrope*;  
 With resolution which still groweth best,  
 As famous *Palm* the more it is oppress'd,  
 And sober temper, wherein doth consist  
 More virtue than in precious *Amethyst*.  
 As *Corals* colour's said to sympathize  
 With the distemper'd wearer, that thine eyes  
 May Weather-glasses be, whereby to shew,  
 Whether with Gods Church it be high or low.  
 Thy Alms are stirring, not to get a Name,  
 As other people do to do the same;  
 Turning what is by bounteous Heaven sent,  
 Not into pity by a complement.  
 But thy Compassion joyn'd to Gods command  
 Enlarge thy tender heart, make lib'ral hand.  
 An heart without good works, is in true sense,  
 No part of charity, but a pretence.  
 Where is ability, the poor have part,  
 And a large share both in thy goods, and heart.  
 Many do pamper up themselves in lust,  
 With dishes, which *Apician* fancy must  
 Be tortur'd for, the Appetite to fill,  
 Whilst they make Reason basest Mancip'e.  
 Yet when the poor are almost famished,  
 Can nothing more afford than *Be ye fed*.  
 Have guts, no bowels to receive the cry  
 And moans of pining hard *Necessity*.  
 But what is debt, thy wisdom makes a Loan;  
 Which layeth out for him what is thine own;

Knowing

Knowing for his that be dispos'd is just,  
 Which no way's thine, but only upon trust.  
 When wanton *Venus*es do plait their hairs,  
 With frizled tresses make pernicious snares,  
 Whilest these *Arachnes* weave their Cobweb thin  
 Better to catch unwary Gallants in;  
 Disfigure nature, and deform themselves,  
 By patching, painting to take lovesome *Elves*;  
 With *Heliogabalus* Monopolize  
 Adventures of the strangest rarities;  
 Torment *Phantasies* brain, till he can find  
 Out modes, and fashions changing with their mind;  
 Put the *Cameleon* to't, and *Proteus* too  
 To put on shapes, and colours that are new;  
 Take Adders hearts to raise their jolly strains;  
 Drink Viper-wine, till it drink up their brain,  
 To keep them fresh: By *Cleopatra* taught,  
 Swallow ten thousand drachmas at a draught;  
 Thus vainly giving up into the hand  
 Of viler Corporal the chief Command,  
 About the body taking chiefeft care,  
 Make it appear, how idle souls they are.  
 No pains, no cost is thought too much, that can  
 Contribute to enrich the inner man  
 With glorious excellencies, and impart  
 A greater gracefulness unto thy heart.  
 Thy wise concern is deeper than the skin,  
 Truly to be all beautiful within.  
 Thy ornaments are such, as we are told,  
 Were made the Matrons bravery of old.  
 If things be duly prized, when they are  
 The farthest fetch'd, and dearest bought; how rare  
 Are they, which from the throne of Heaven fught,  
 By no less than the blood of God were bought?  
 If things have value, which do so much please  
 The eyes of men; how precious then are these,

That



That take Gods heurt ; whose approbation  
 Gives worth unto the things which else have none ?  
*Eastern, and Western Indies*, that entomb  
 So much admired riches in their womb ;  
 The great adventures which were purchas'd by  
 The *Romish Catholick* humanity,  
 And fill'd the *Spanish* coffers, are much less  
 Than what from Heavens gift thou dost possess.  
 Ten thousand millions, if sum'd up, are small  
 And nothing, when compared to thine All.  
 Most precious Diamonds to fight can bring  
 But dazled lustre, or weak glimmering.  
 The Queen of Heaven, Constellations bright  
 Make not the day, but mend the dismal night.  
 When Heavens Champion doth but shew his face,  
 Affrighted darkness soon resigns its place.  
 Thou art thrice happy, that receivest ray  
 Of Christ the glorious Sun, that makes thy day.  
 What did the Learned Heathens once advance  
 But subtle piece of splendid ignorance ?  
 Led by the Taper of their Reasons light,  
 That farthing-candle mended but their night,  
 That had no saving knowledge. *Argus's* eyes  
 Less power have, than this one to be wise.  
 The pleasant picture seems to sport, and play  
 With wanton glance converted ev'ry way,  
 Or stand before, or turn to either side,  
 Look at it, and you seem to be espy'd :  
 So carnal minds seem great things to espy,  
 Yet all but with a dead, and painted eye,  
 Compar'd to thine, where the most real sight  
 Proceedeth from a clear celestial light.  
 Dives with delicates was daily fed  
 Yet he poor soul did want thy daily bread,  
 Who set at *Wisdoms* table dost enjoy  
 Dainties, that do refresh, feed, fill, not cloy.

Worldlings like Serpents, or Cameleons, are  
 Nourish'd with clogging dust or empty air:  
 Desire insatiate hath painted dishes,  
 That more inflame the heart with idle wishes.  
 As riches multiply upon men; so  
 The dropsie of their greediness doth grow,  
 And vastness of estate doth make them scant,  
 Greater the fulness is, the greater want.  
 Thy lowliness of mind, doth make thee higher;  
 By want thou art enrich'd with good desire;  
 Which makes thee after Living God to pant,  
 To gain more plentiful estate by want.  
 The greatest Monarchs would much richer be,  
 Were they enriched by thy Poverty.  
 The baser sons of earth do fall upon  
 Ignoble game, and feed on carrion.  
 Thy nobler mind aspireth to attain,  
 Though at expence of losses, more to gain  
 Of the Angelical, and pleasant food  
 Most satisfying, and eternal good.  
 Nor will thy strong desires cease to ascend,  
 Until enjoyment to hope put an end.  
 Circumvolution of few sliding hours  
 In season less benign fade sweetest flowres;  
 The mighty works of Architecture pay  
 At length their debt to Nature in decay,  
 And Hieroglyphick Serpent that sets bounds  
 To mortals beings with its numerous rounds,  
 That will have gnaw'd to pieces in some while  
 The world, though it were mettall hard as file,  
 Hath bury'd tombs, and monuments shall be  
 The spoil and triumph of eternity.  
 Thy ornaments are of celestial mould  
 By longest tract of time that grow not old,  
 Not subject to the thief, moth, rust, or waste,  
 Or to be lessen'd by the time that's past;

Still shall be fresh, have no relation  
 To the vile worm or base corruption:  
 To thee that makest it thy care to look  
 For happiest estate in Doomsday Book;  
 And waitest for the everlasting bliss,  
 A Term too short Fee-simple ever is.  
 Each gate of th' heavenly *Jerusalem*  
 Is represented by a precious Gem.  
 How glorious then shall daughter of the King  
 Appear? whose grace will have eternal spring  
 And perfect growth; who treading on the Moon,  
 Shall be compleatly clothed with the Sun  
 Of righteousness; to whom *Don Phœbus* bright  
 That rules the day, affords but Glowworm light;  
 When there shall be no shadow, nor decay,  
 No showres, no clouds, to stain the perfect day.  
 Here learn you to be wise, whose careless care  
 Is to sleep, dress, feast, chat, and take the air;  
 Whose idle work when rarely set upon,  
 And to do nothing almost are all one;  
 Whose planetary lives are chiefly spent  
 In the Exchange of frothy Complement.  
 With you the antient virtues are much more  
 Grown out of fashion than the clothes they wore:  
 Your shame is to be fix'd amongst the Stars,  
 By vanity of your lewd *Jupiters*,  
 That much admire you, to ensnare their eyes,  
 As do the painted, powd'ed Butterflies  
 Some little children, and for nothing else  
 To be admir'd by Merchants; but your shells  
 Like scented *Panthers* that destroy, and please  
 And poyson, as the bright *Cantharides*.  
 Why so high born brave Dames? None of you can  
 Draw out your lives inch longer than the span  
 Design'd. Why swell you big with thoughts of birth?  
 The Worm's your Sister, and your Mother Earth.

Are you with travel of your Mother grown  
 Noble? The labour then was not your own.  
 Or doth your honour come by being march'd?  
 That light is borrow'd from the fool you catch'd.  
 Do you your selves by fame, that's common, prize?  
 That, when the giddy humour's over, dyes.  
 As bubble swoln with empty air doth last  
 Some thoughts, not many, longer than the blast.  
 One breath blows up, and breaks this wat'ry bail,  
 And half a Minute is its Spring and Fall.  
 What, is it not enough, some to employ  
 To *Ladies* most remote, to fetch a toy,  
 Or precious trifle, yet all this to dress,  
 And to equip your rotten carkasses?  
 But that the Artist black must run to Hell  
 To fetch your fortunes, and return to tell?  
 Shall wand'ring Gipsies, and that wicked Crew  
 Of Vagrants, that pretend as if they knew  
 Future Contingents, have your charity,  
 And be rewarded for the r cheating lye?  
 Whereas the godly Ministers that bear  
 Affection to your souls scarce gain your ear?  
 When they declare the woful state of sin,  
 And misery you are involved in  
 By nature, shew restor'd you cannot be  
 To fight, unless you know you do not see;  
 And send you to the Son of God, whose bright  
 Rayes to the Saints in Heaven give a light.  
 They tell you you are dead in sin, and give  
 This token of their love, to wish you live.  
 Direct you unto Christ, your life, whereby  
 You may have health, wealth, and true liberty.  
 Since you will know the things that are to come,  
 Out of the Word they read the dreadful Doom  
 Of all that have no interest in him,  
 If they continue in their death and sin,

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Shall yet a costly patch amount to more  
 Than what ye ever gave unto the poor?  
 Shall they that sighing do reprove you, have  
 No better thanks than Clown, or sawey Knave?  
 May your faults acted be, and not be told?  
 Will you not be perswaded you are old?  
 Or so shall be e'relong? Why bring you down  
 The rate of Age which is a glorious Crown  
 In righteousness? Would you have death to come  
 And Complement your Honours to the Tomb?  
 Or will you bid him stay below? For why,  
 You are not yet in humour brought to dye.  
 And to prevent his visit, send to tell,  
 That you are busie, or not very well.  
 Death is a Doctor, such you'l scarce endure,  
 That killeth all; yet not a few doth cure.  
 Will you like *Jezabels* your faces paint,  
 And think withal, that Serjeant grim to daunt  
 With your imperious looks? In vain ye do't;  
 He'l not be scar'd, but tread you under foot.  
 Thy body to neglect, thou'l not endure;  
 And must thy soul be then a *fine Cure*?  
 O foolish thoughts, pains, w'sties vain, which are  
 Not to be holy, humble, meek, but fair!  
 For shame let not such golden seasons pass  
 Upon your boards, beds, sports, or looking-glass.  
 Cut off some minutes toward the concern  
 Of what the world despiseth sempitern.  
 Why look you on Religion as a Dame,  
 That is too homely, beareth not a name  
 Amongst vain Ranters; with severities  
 Of mortifying zeal doth blear her eyes;  
 Deforms her visage, and forbids all airs  
 Of merriment to pine her self with cares,  
 And dreadful thoughts in a tormented life,  
 That none but fools would choose her for a Wife;

Gallants will scarce afford Civility,  
 To serve the Custome of a Cap, and knee.  
 Her noble quality well understood,  
 Would shew her great, and of the Royal blood.  
 It's not below best of most Princely house,  
 To Court her Ladyship, and to espouse.  
 So excellent is beauty of this Saint,  
 It cannot be worse injur'd than by paint.  
 Her vast estate is not confined by  
 The bounds too narrow of *Geography*.  
 All the Gold, Silver, Pearls, Fruits this Globe bears  
 To one of many Jewels that she wears,  
 Bear no compare in value ; if not you,  
 Yet this the wisest Merchants have found true,  
 The testimony of good Conscience,  
 That there hath been a thorough sight, and sense  
 Of odious sin, so pow'rful as to make  
 The soul, with hatred, sin and self forsake,  
 And cleave to Christ, resting on him alone,  
 With constant holy life reflected on  
 Through Gods great mercy do afford more true,  
 Lasting, great, cordial joy than that which you  
 Conceive to be had by the loosning reins  
 Of Civil temper, to run into strains  
 Of jollity, screw'd up to highest pin  
 Of madness, that you may not feel your sin :  
 Yours is but heartless laughter ; for your sinning,  
 Maketh a foul, and but convulsive grinning ;  
 Not unlike the *Sardinian* herb, whereby  
 Men only seem to laugh ; but surely dye.  
 You say Gods mercy you rely upon :  
 Is it good hope, or bold presumption ?  
 Speak out your meaning ; and be understood :  
 Will you be wicked, because God is good ?  
 And is it gratitude, so to abuse  
 The mercy, which you thankfully should use ?

To serve the perfect Being with decayes;  
 And him that's alwayes present, with delays ?  
 At distance pleasures of the earth appear  
 Greater ; grow lesser much, as they draw near.  
 Their promises shifting delays you find,  
 Why do you not then serve them in their kind ?  
 Say, this were granted, you might on still run  
 In vanity to your *Declining Sun*,  
 And meet with no arrest to stop career  
 Of mirth, or cause the sadness of a tear.  
 What will the end be ? Will dry bones, dim eyes,  
 Decrepit acts, be fit for Sacrifice ?  
 Is it meet, Sin, World, Devil have the prime  
 Of vigour, beauty, action, strength, and time ?  
 And he that for all mind, heart, might doth call  
 Have most deformed, weakeſt part of all ?  
 Will you present the firſt fruits unto ſin ?  
 Leave the poor ſhare, and gleanings unto him ?  
 And what, I pray, are offers like to get,  
 When you are old ; but a prolong'd *Not yet* ?  
 Although to act your follies, nought can move  
 With ſo much pleaſure ; Will you ceaſe to love  
 The vanities you cannot act ? What force  
 Muſt be requir'd to make a full *Divorce* ?  
 Is it too much, to be at ſmall expence  
 Of ſome few minutes coſt in reference  
 To ſoul-concerns ? when frightful death draws near  
 To do its work *Repentance* will be dear.  
 A true Repentance never is too late :  
 But true Repentance ſeldom bears that Date.  
 What perſon in her wits, if once begun,  
 Would proſecute the thing muſt be undone ;  
 Make work for ſorrow, run upon the ſcore ;  
 Strive to have leſs to pay with, owe the more ?  
 Did the oppreſſor, or the filcher own  
 Neceſſity of Reſtitution

In his Repentance, 'twould do more than brand,  
 To cure him of the felons in his hand.  
 Real belief would cause you to prevent  
 What being done, doth call you to repent.  
 When pious women ready are to give  
 Account of life, then you'll begin to live.  
 Amendment you resolve on, make that good,  
 And that you are reformed I'll conclude.  
 What thou dost purpose from a sincere heart,  
 Not what thou wilt be shews, but what thou art.  
 Thus to design, will make thee God advance  
 Above the world in brightest Circumstance,  
 And dost thou thus the world despise, when it  
 Advantage hath, to gain thy Appetite?  
 If not, to pleasure thou art but in thrall;  
 For all pretence, thou lov'st not God at all.  
 Two wayes, that come to one, of saying Nay  
 To the words Now I'll never, or delay.  
 Suppose thy mind still same to Heavens call,  
 Not yet will prove the same, as not at all.  
 To promise then is gross impertinence,  
 Forsake thy wicked life, or this pretence.  
 Behold one, that hath swagger'd in the world  
 With riches, honour; great retinue bur'd  
 Into a loathsome prison, there to see  
 His folly past, and present misery;  
 And view thy destiny. His higher rate  
 Of living, makes the sadness of his state:  
 His former plenty makes his want the more:  
 If not so rich, he had not been so poor.  
 His titles that gave splendour to his name,  
 Remembred now, do but augment his shame.  
 Thy matchless beauty, whilesome which espy'd  
 Begat the lovers dorage, and thy pride;  
 ( When nothing thou canst find consulting glass,  
 But ruines only of the form that was )



Will render thee far more despis'd, and be  
 The aggravation of deformity.  
 Affected blemishes, and spottings were  
 The wicked artifice to make thee fair :  
 Now wrinkled age will glory in her spoil  
 To rising beauties making thee a foil.  
 Wisdom hath more trust, and esteem when sage :  
 And Reliques too gain credit by their age :  
 But thou must be condemn'd and forlorn ;  
 Deserving subject for the Gallants scorn ;  
 Not able to bear up against disdain ;  
 Or to redress by turning young again.  
 Shall I black Mantle borrow of the night,  
 To wrap thy dismal case in ? 'Tis too slight.  
 Or midnight-fable-robe, although  
 Without Moon, Stars ? 'Twould not be sad enough.  
 Nothing mans mind affords so black to tell  
 The blackest darkness of thy state, but Hell.  
 Thy soul is solitary wilderness,  
 A fearful shade of saddest wretchedness.  
 Thy thoughts are Vultures. Conscience with her sting  
 Torments thee : Sa ys dance, as Screech-Owls sing.  
 The pleasant fancies, that refresh thy mind,  
 Are Fairy Devils, each sad thought black Fiend :  
 Enjoyment large of honour, pleasure, pelf,  
 Cannot secure thee from the dread of self.  
 How wilt thou bear Gods wrath ? Men paint not fire  
 So fair, 't' as that fierceness of his ire.  
 To slight that mercy, do not then presume ;  
 Which, if it may not win thee, will consume.  
 Let trust in mercy this at least impart  
 Unto thy Conscience, that thou serious art.  
 The Satyrist condemns thy vain ( *I will*  
*To morrow* ) that will be to morrow still.  
 To morrow which thou beggedst yesterday,  
 Is lost, yet without blushing thou canst say

To morrow yet : but were it lent, thou'dst pray  
 To have the leisure of another day.  
*As hastening hinder-wheel, doth seem in Coach*  
*To promise it will make more near approach*  
*unto the former ; when row'd o're and o're,*  
*Yet keeps same distance that it did before :*  
 So thou, although thou talkest of to morrow,  
 That gain'd, would'tt be at no less need to borrow  
 A further day : purpose and to amend,  
 Would keep an equal distance to

*The End.*

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